heat of mid-day, to make her to be stung & bitten by the hornets & big flies. Then, driving her back with blows to her shed, he gave her naught to eat but the bitter bark and tough twigs of trees. The poor creature would gladly have told the said Argus who she was; but instead of trying to speak, she bellowed & gazed at him, weeping bitterly the while.

JUpiter, seeing the hardships that his love had to endure, & the cruelty of Argus, one day changed his messenger Mercury into the form of a shepherd keeping kids & lambs, and sent him to Argus, who was tormenting the said cow among the fields and valleys. Mercury came up, leading his flock, & playing most melodiously on his pipes, so that Argus called to him to come and rest on the grass beside him where he lay at full length in the shade of a cliff. Mercury saluted him, & then, after they had talked a while & wished each other well, he began to play upon his pipes even better than before, so that Argus took great delight therein. But Mercury, the better to carry out his purpose, ceased and began to talk and discourse in praise of music so that he awoke in him the desire to learn that art and to play upon pipes. Thereupon, moved by Mercury's words, Argus begged him earnestly to play again upon the pipes, which he did at once, and with such skill and so melodiously that he lulled him into slumber so profound that all his eyes, which were, as has been said, a hundred in number, fell asleep at once; whereupon Mercury took his shepherd's knife and cut off his head.

THE beautiful cow, seeing that she was delivered from him who had so tormented her, was very glad, & went away, wandering here and there, until she came to a place where her father, Inachus, had been changed into a river-god, otherwise called a sea-god. This Inachus, knowing naught of his daughter's unfortunate plight, and thinking that she was in truth a cow, offered her handfuls of tender and sweet-smelling grasses, & patted her affectionately, touching her with his divine hands on brow and back and flanks, until, as he went and came about her, he saw his daughter's name written in the place where the beautiful cow's foot had pressed the earth: a name of two letters only—I and Ω, from which name the country was called Ionia, and its people Ionians.

WHen Inachus saw his daughter's name thus written, & knew that she was changed into a cow, he began to cry out: 'My daughter and dear love, I have sought thee so long over mountains and valleys and have never been able to find thee; but not dreaming of such good fortune, I have met thee, and unthinking, recognized thee.'

OVidius Naso, a little before the end of the first book of his transformations & poetic fables which he calls *Metamorphoses,* narrates this fable most happily, as is his excellent custom. I would gladly quote it all, because of the pretty wit in which it abounds; but it would take too long; however, I will write down a part of it.

Decerptas senior natæ porrexerat herbas,
Illa manus lambit, patrijsque dat oscula palmis,
Nec retinet lachrymas; et si modo verba supersint,
Oret opem, nomenque suum, casusque loquatur.
Littera pro verbis quam pes in puluere duxit,
Corporis indicium mutati triste pergit,
Me miserum exclamat pater Inachus, inque gementis
Cornibus et niueæ pendens ceruice juuencæ;
Me miserum ingeminat, tu ne es quæsita per omnes
Nata mihi terras; tu non inuenta reperta es.* *'*Metamorphoses,*' I, 645. [20]

That is to say: Old Inachus offered plucked grasses to the beautiful young cow, his daughter, who licked & kissed his hands, unable to keep from weeping and wailing. If she could have spoken, gladly would she have asked aid, & would have told her name, narrating her misfortunes; but the writing that her foot made as she walked on the dust was a sad proof of the transformation of her lovely maid's body into a cow. Instantly, when her father, Inachus, perceived the said writing, he began to cry out, clinging to the horns of his daughter, lamenting in the shape of a snow-white heifer: 'Oh, unhappy me!' said Inachus; 'alas, my child, I have sought thee in innumerable places, & never until this hour have I been able to find thee.'

GIovanni Boccaccio, a very learned and studious man, has told this whole fable at great length in Book VII, Chapter XXII of his *De Genealogia Deorum,* setting it forth very clearly in its allegorical meaning, as those may see who choose to consult that work. But in this place, and for my purpose, I will interpret the allegory as I understand it, and I believe that you will think that it is well interpreted.

I Say, then, that we are to understand that Jupiter, who was enamoured of Inachus's fair daughter, is the soft air of Ionia, that pleasant abiding place, where bright minds found the strength to invent art, letters, and knowledge in general, even as we see that the air of Paris is much more clear and soft & agreeable than that of any other place in France,